

MARVEL
COMICS


338
MAR

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

IRON FIST


MAN WITHOUT FEAR!





DEATH HAS
MANY HOMES.

THIS IS ONE
OF THEM.



EASTERN
PENNSYLVANIA.

WHAT'S LEFT OF THE
"GHOST OF A CHANCE"
RESTAURANT.

AT ONE TIME, IT WAS
THE LAST CHANCE FOR
EATS BETWEEN THIS
NEXT-TO-NOWHERE AND
THE INTERSTATE.

WITH ALL THE GREASE THEY
USED FRYING UP THEIR
FOOD, IT WAS A LAST
CHANCE FOR SOME SERIOUS
INDIGESTION, TOO.

THE GHOST of a CHANCE
RESTAURANT

KAAAAWW!

ASK AROUND, AND NO
ONE CAN SAY EXACTLY
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE
JOINT BACK WHEN.

FACT OF THE
MATTER IS, THERE ARE
SOME WHO KNOW.

THEY JUST WON'T
ADMIT TO IT.

OR CAN'T.

JRVILLE'S
HARVEST
EXTRAVAGANZA

SLAAT

WHAT WAS LEFT IN THE AFTER-
MATH OF THE FIRE THAT TOOK
DOWN THE GHOST DIDN'T
PROVIDE MUCH IN THE WAY OF
CLUES.

IMAGES OF HOPELESSNESS,
SNAPPED BY A PHOTOGRAPHER
KNOWN AS O'BREEN.



WANT ADS, CIRCLED WITH THE
SHAKY DESPERATION OF A
WANNABE ACTRESS NAMED PAGE.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO F. NELSON,
BURNING WITH SCORN AND MALICE.

A BUS TICKET ISSUED TO AN ASSIS-
TANT D.A. CALLED MALPER, TORN
THROUGH BY HANDS TREMBLING WITH FEAR.

MILDEW AND ROT WOULD
CLAIM THEM ALL...ALONG
WITH THEIR STORIES.

SOMETHING ASHEN HANGS
HEAVY OVER THE PLACE.

THE PROPERTY, LONG FOR
SALE, WILL NEVER BE BOUGHT.

SCATTERED INSTANCES OF
VIOLENCE SOMETIMES SPROUT--

--FADING RIPPLES INTO
THAT FERTILE NIGHT--

--BUT NOTHING ELSE
WILL GROW HERE.

KKAAW!

DEATH HAS MANY HOMES.

AND HE'S ALWAYS IN THE
MARKET FOR ONE MORE.

MANHATTAN.


34 STORIES UP, WITH
NOTHING BUT PRAYER
BETWEEN HERE AND THE
COLD, HARD STREETS
BELOW.

THERE'S A REASON THEY
CALL THIS COSTUMED
AVENGER DAREDEVIL.

treachery


ALAN SMITHEE ALEXANDER JUBRAN ANDE PARKS/DON HUDSON
writer penciler inkers

OAKLEY/NJO/BABCOCK SCHEELE/BECTION MARIE JAVINS BOBBIE CHASE
letters colorists editor chief



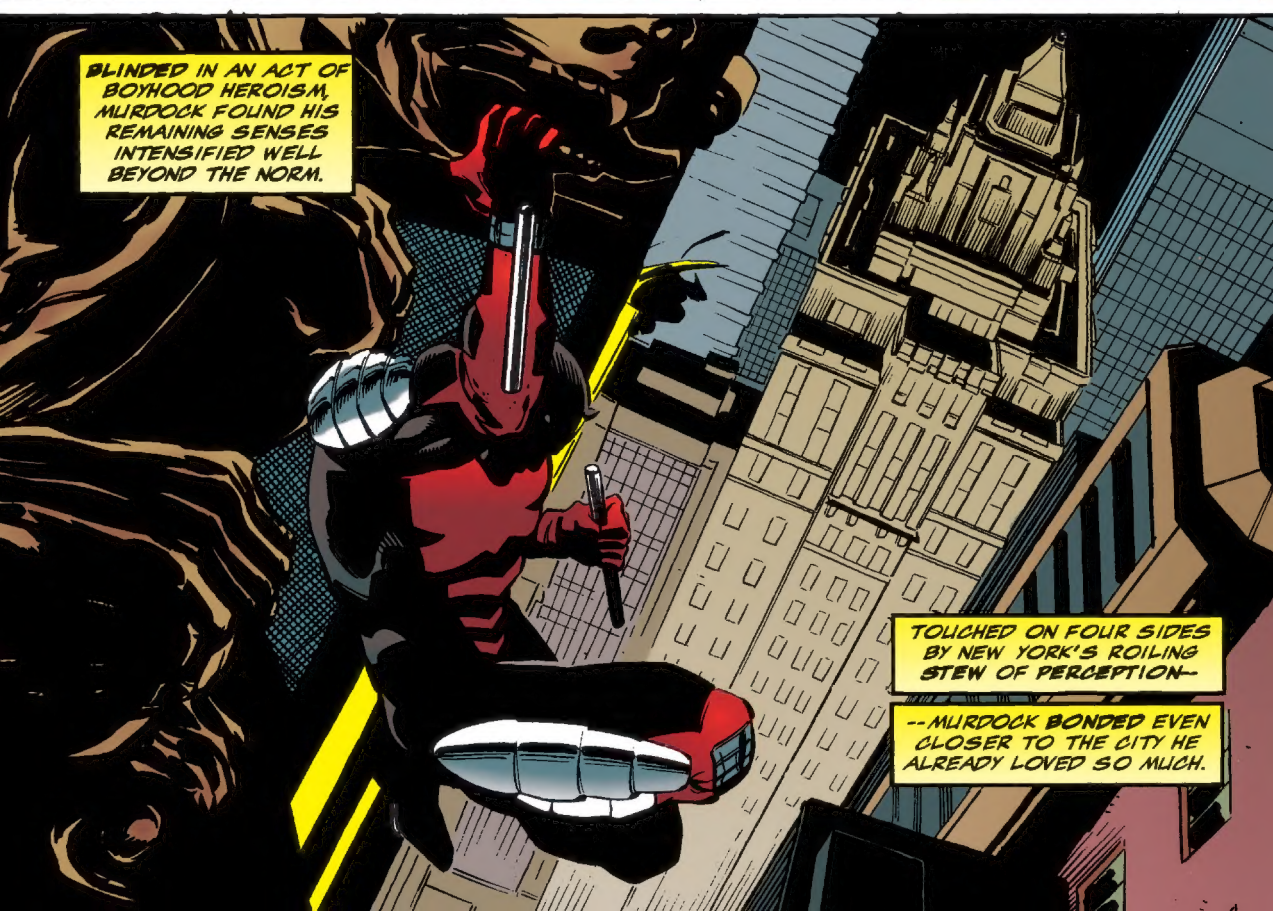
THIS CITY'S RIFE WITH
AVENGERS AND VIGILANTES,
WITH NO IDENTITY PAST
THE MASKS THEY WEAR SO
BULLEENLY.

BUT DAREDEVIL IS VERY
MUCH DRIVEN BY THE MAN
WHO WEARS THE HORNS.



HE MAY SOMETIMES USE
MORE THAN ONE NAME, BUT
AT THE SOUL OF IT THAT MAN
IS MATTHEW MURDOCK.

THWAP!



BLINDED IN AN ACT OF
BOYHOOD HEROISM,
MURDOCK FOUND HIS
REMAINING SENSES
INTENSIFIED WELL
BEYOND THE NORM.

TOUCHED ON FOUR SIDES
BY NEW YORK'S ROILING
STEW OF PERCEPTION—

--MURDOCK BONDED EVEN
CLOSER TO THE CITY HE
ALREADY LOVED SO MUCH.

FROM 12 BLOCKS AWAY HE
HEARS AN ICE CREAM BELL,
A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.

THEN THE RAGGED WET-
CRUNCH OF BONE AND
FLESH BREAKING TOGETHER.

HE DOESN'T
HAVE TO SEE--

EXOTIC PERFUME SCENTS
ITS WAY FROM ACROSS TOWN,
SUGGESTING LOVERS AND
SEDUCTION.

AND THE SHARP TANG OF
WARM COPPER THAT IS THE
STINK OF HUMAN BLOOD.

--NOT WHEN HE CAN
FEEL EVERY RIDGE OF
TILE THROUGH THE
SOLE OF HIS BOOT.

LONG, HARD YEARS
OF TRAINING HAVE
TAUGHT HIM HOW TO
NAVIGATE THE ROOF.
TOPS--

--WITH A TRADEMARK
COMBINATION OF GRIM FOCUS
AND RECKLESS ABANDON.



THERE'S SOMETHING
ELSE MIXED IN WITH
THE HYPERSENSES.

A CRUDE INTERNAL "RADAR".

LONG ON FORM,
SHORT ON DETAIL.

GET
AWAY
GET--

NO--NOT
TILL YOU--
REMEMBER!



JUST ENOUGH TO POINT
THE BLIND MAN IN THE
RIGHT DIRECTION.

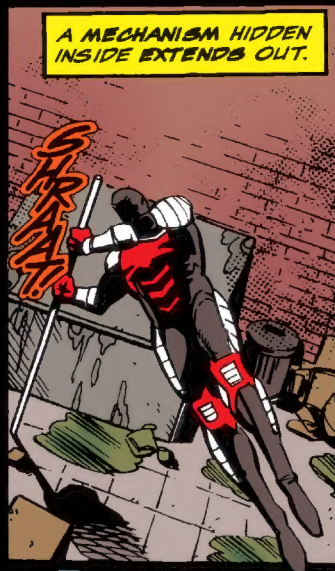
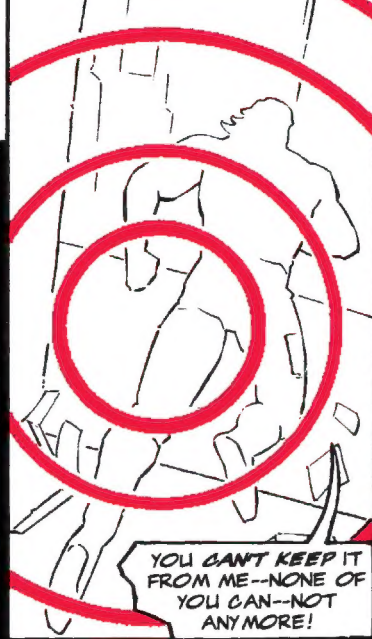
AND LOCK HIM ON TARGET.

**F
W
E
E
K**

THIS IS
NOT A GOOD
THING...

AIR PUSHES AHEAD OF
THE BILLY CLUB, A
SENSORY WARNING.

THE CRUSADER TRACKS THE
SENSATION, TWISTING HIS
BODY OUT OF HARM'S WAY.





...YOU'RE
GOING TO BE
FINE!

--M-MAKIN' ME
GO
BACK THERE--IN MY
HEAD!--MAKIN' ME
GO BACK--



--CAN'T MAKE ME
CAN'T TAKE ME--



THEN AGAIN, "ALL
RIGHT" AND "FINE"
ARE RELATIVE
TERMS!

--GET
AWAY!



I'M NOT YOUR
ENEMY...WHOEVER
DID THIS TO YOU IS
GONE!

THE TOUCH IS FIRM BUT GENTLE
AS HE PRIES THE MAKESHIFT
WEAPON FROM THE TREMBLING
MAN'S CLENCHED FIST.



I'M HERE NOW...I'LL
HELP MAKE IT
BETTER.

THEY WAIT 27 MINUTES
BEFORE THE NY EMS TEAM
RESPONDS TO THE ASSAULT.

AND ALL THE WHILE,
DAREDEVIL NEVER
LETS GO OF ROBERT
ASBURY'S HAND.

INVEIGLE'S AUTO YARD,
WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN.

MOVE IT, MOVE IT, THESE
PARTS HAVE GOTTA
BE ON A TRUCK TO
PHILLY BY MORNING--

--WE GOT SOME KIDS
FROM THE BRONX BRINGIN'
IN HOT CORVETTES IN THE
MORNING!

THIS JOB BITES,
Y'KNOW THAT,
COGGER? THE PAY,
THE CONDITIONS,
YOUR LIP!

FAT MAN FISK
RUNS ONE
DOG OF A
CHOP SHOP!

YOU SHUT THAT
SMART MOUTH A'
YOURS YOU KNOW
WHAT'S GOOD FOR
YOU, MARKO!

I ALREADY SOLD
THE LOT TO OLD MAN
TEGROTTI--HE WAS
PAYING TOP DOLLAR!

WHY SHOULD WE
LOSE MONEY GOING
WITH NOROMBI'S JAP
GANGSTER WANNABE
LOWBALL BID?

WHERE DO WE
STAND WITH THOSE
COMPUTER CHIPS WE
PULLED OUTTA
THOSE '95 FORDS?
THEY'RE SLATED FOR
NOROMBI--

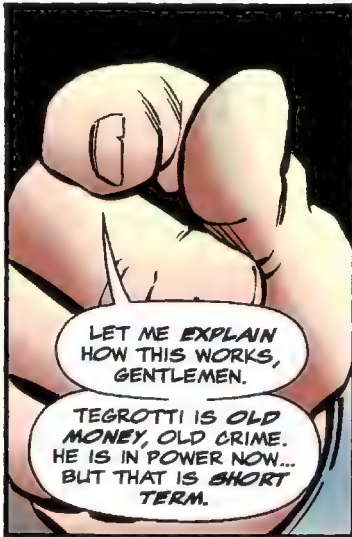
WHAT DOES
FAT BOY FISK
KNOW, ANYWAY?
HE'S BEEN ON THE
RUN FOR SO
LONG--THE BIG
"KINGPIN'S"
LOST IT!

MIGHT BE YOU
GOT A POINT
THERE, MARKO!





LONG LIVE
THE KING.



LET ME EXPLAIN
HOW THIS WORKS,
GENTLEMEN.

TEGROTTI IS OLD
MONEY, OLD CRIME.
HE IS IN POWER NOW...
BUT THAT IS SHORT
TERM.



NOROMBI-SAN
IS NEW CRIME, NEW
MONEY. THE ASIAN
TONGS ARE THE
FUTURE OF VICE.



LONG TERM
INVESTMENT IS THE
KEY TO ANY TRULY
SUCCESSFUL
ENTERPRISE.

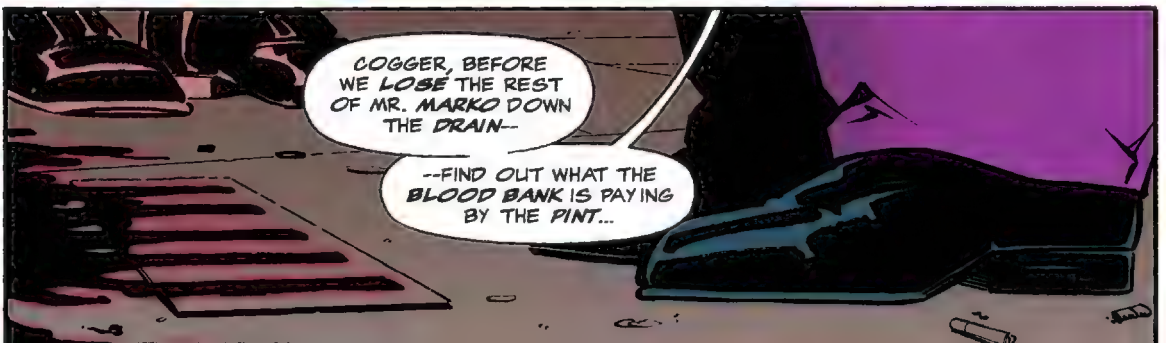


ARE THERE ANY
CONFLICTING THEORIES OF
BUSINESS?

NO, SIR!

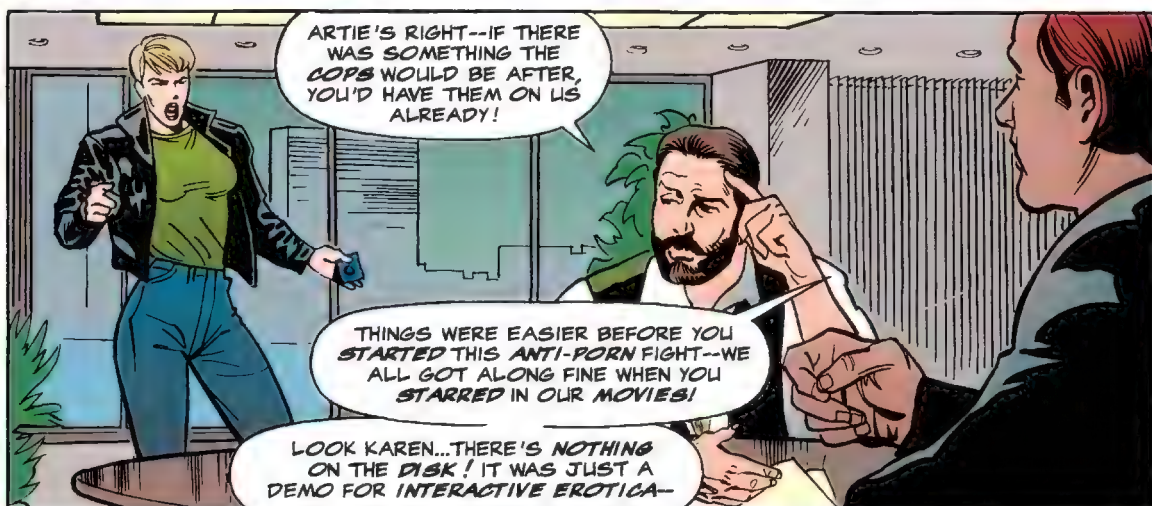
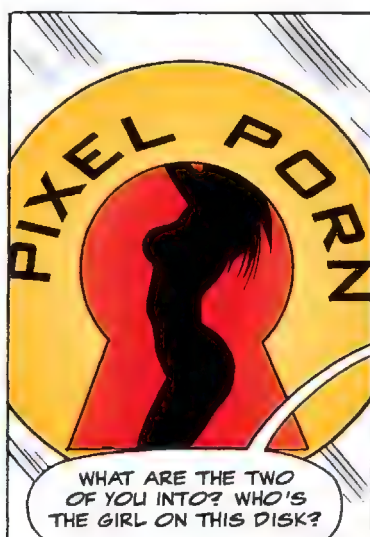
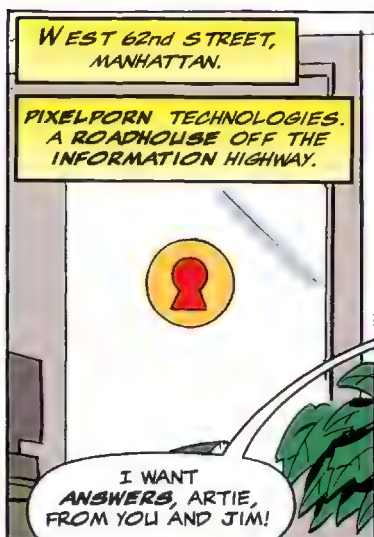
NOT FROM
ME, BOSS!

MIGHT BE
YOU GOT A
POINT, MR.
FISK!



COGGER, BEFORE
WE LOSE THE REST
OF MR. MARKO DOWN
THE DRAIN--

--FIND OUT WHAT THE
BLOOD BANK IS PAYING
BY THE PINT...





SO YOU, UM,
COULDN'T GET
THIS CLIP BACK,
HUH?

WELL, I'LL TELL
YOU WHAT. LEAVE THE
DISK WITH US, WE'LL
CHECK IT OVER, AND
IF WE DO FIND
ANYTHING--



WHAT KIND OF
IDIOT DO YOU
TAKE ME FOR,
JIM?

THE RUBE YOU'D
LIKE TO STICK UNDER
HOT LIGHTS AND A NOISY
CAMERA, CALLING ME
AND THE OTHERS "MEAT"?



YOU'RE RIGHT
ABOUT THE
COPS...NO VIDEO
CLIP, NO EVIDENCE,
NO INTEREST! BUT
THERE ARE OTHER
LAWS, BOYS.

AND THERE
ARE SOME THINGS
BEYOND THE LAW...



THIS IS BAD, BROTHER!
HOW'D THE KIDNIE CLIP
MAKE IT THERE?
THAT'S A SEPARATE
PRODUCT LINE!

OH. WE'RE
GOING TO HAVE
TO TELL THEM
WHAT SHE
KNOWS...



NOT YET--NOT YET! I
WISH WE HAD NEVER
GOTTEN INVOLVED IN
THIS MESS!

THEY DIDN'T
LEAVE US ANY
CHOICE!

WELL...
WE'VE GOT
ONE NOW!



LET'S TRY ONE
MORE TIME FOR ME
AND YOU TO WORK
THIS OUT WITH KAREN!
OTHERWISE...

I DON'T
WANT TO
THINK ABOUT
WHAT THEY'LL
DO TO
HER...AND TO
US...

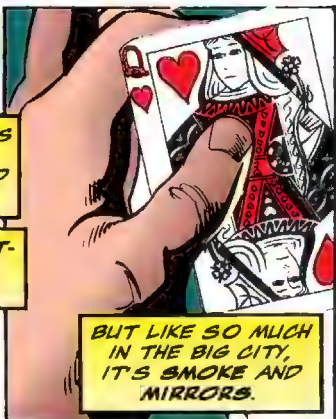
AVENUE C. DOWN IN
THE BOWERY.

THE BUILDING BELONGS
TO A BLACKSMITH-
TURNED-ARTIST NAMED
THEODORE STITHY.

HE THINKS THE TENANT-
IN-RESIDENCE IS A
CON MAN--

--OR "SOCIAL
ENGINEER"--

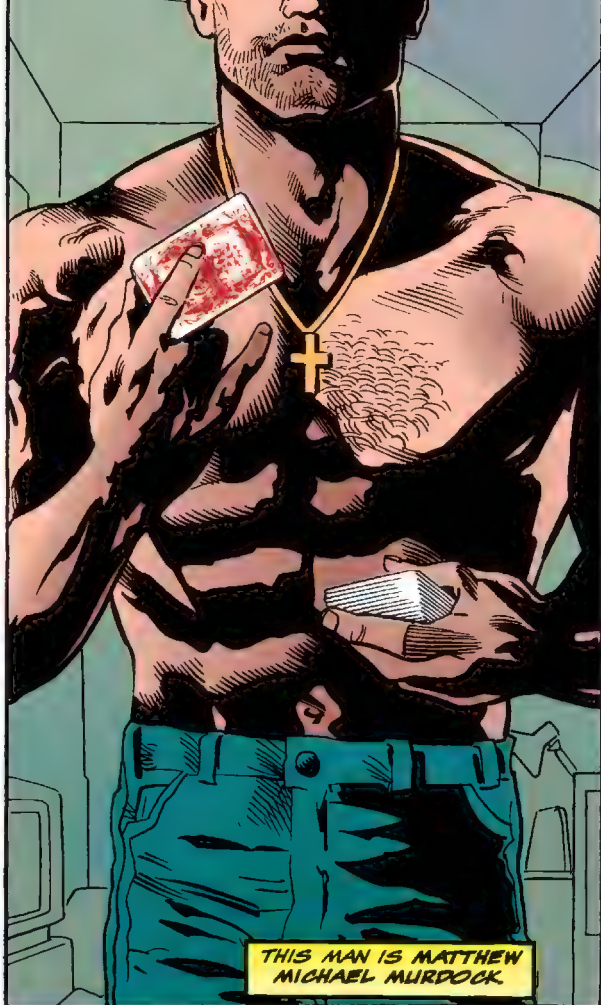
--NAMED JACK
BATLIN.



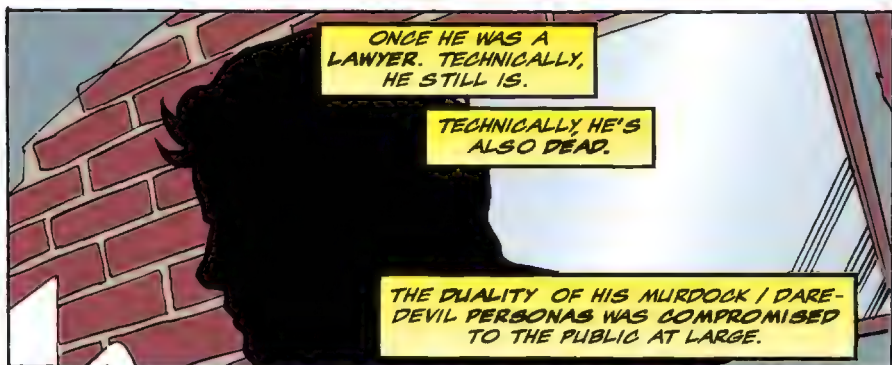
BUT LIKE SO MUCH
IN THE BIG CITY,
IT'S SMOKE AND
MIRRORS.



THIS MAN WEARS MANY
FACADES, ALL FOR WHAT
HE HOPES ARE THE RIGHT
REASONS.



THIS MAN IS MATTHEW
MICHAEL MURDOCK.



ONCE HE WAS A
LAWYER. TECHNICALLY,
HE STILL IS.

TECHNICALLY, HE'S
ALSO DEAD.

THE DUALITY OF HIS MURDOCK / DARE-
DEVIL PERSONAS WAS COMPROMISED
TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE.



HE'D ALWAYS BEEN WILLING TO
RISK HIMSELF FOR JUSTICE.
BUT SUDDENLY HIS FRIENDS--

--EVEN STRANGERS
CLOSE TO HIM ON
THE STREET--

--WERE IN DANGER FROM
CRAZIES GUNNING FOR A
CHANCE TO TAKE DOWN
THE HERO.

SO MATT MURDOCK
HAD TO "DIE".



AND "JACK BATLIN"
CAME TO LIFE.



FAST TALKING SMOOTH
LINE HYPE-STER. AND
SUPPOSEDLY SIGHTED.

A WILD CARD I.D. --



--GIVING THE REAL MAN
EASY ACCESS TO ANY
INJUSTICE CRYING OUT
FOR HIS PARTICULAR
BRAND OF ATTENTION.

HOLDING
ALL THE CARDS,
AIN'T WE,
"JACK"?

BETTER
HOPE SO...



LATER THAT DAY.

A BILLY CLUB'S
THROW FROM
COOPER UNION.

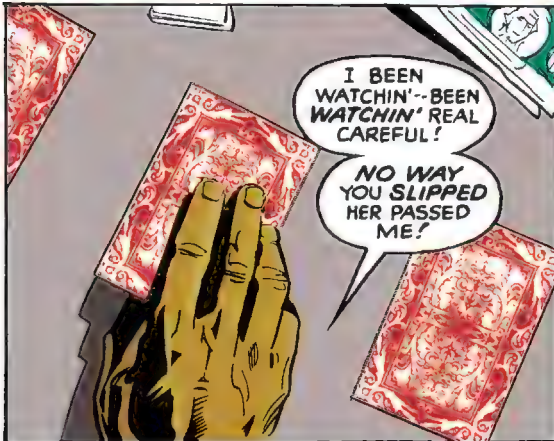
FIND THE **RED
QUEEN**, FIND
THE LADY!



C'MON, C'MON,
MAKE IT
HAPPEN--

--MAKE
YOURSELF
RICH!

GONNA
REGRET THOSE
WORDS, **GAMBLIN'**
MAN!



I BEEN
WATCHIN'--BEEN
WATCHIN' REAL
CAREFUL!

NO WAY
YOU SLIPPED
HER PASSED
ME!



"NO WAY"
IS MY WAY,
FRIEND!



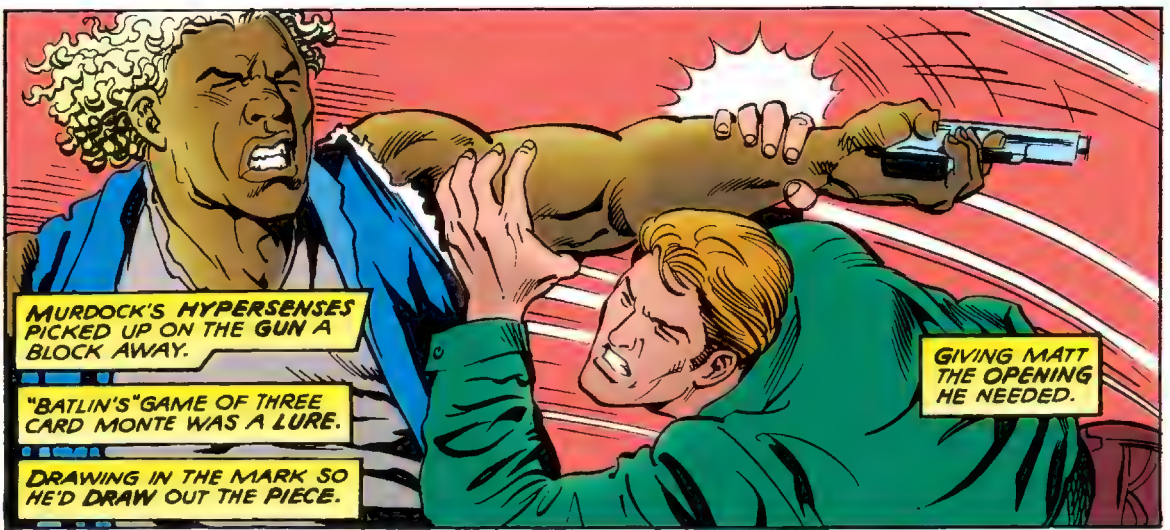
JACK BATLIN'S
KNOWN FOR DOIN'
THE IMPOSSIBLE!

TAKE
A WALK...
LOSER.

"LOSER"???



GONNA MAKE
ALL THE **QUEENS
RED**, "IMPOSSIBLE
MAN"! GONNA
BLEED YOU DRY!

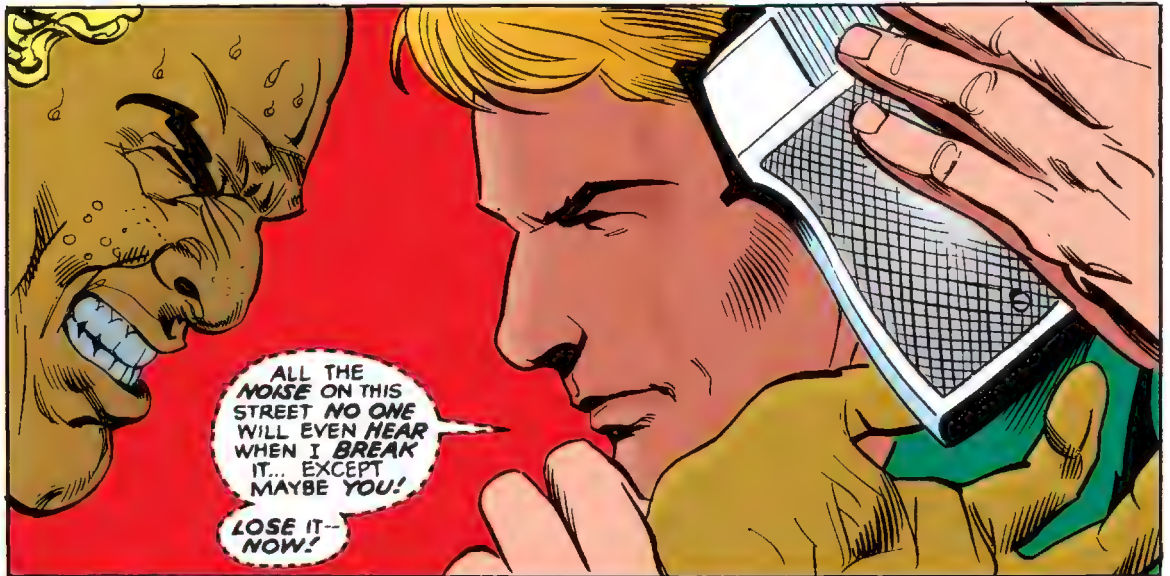


MURDOCK'S HYPERSENSSES PICKED UP ON THE GUN A BLOCK AWAY.

"BATLIN'S" GAME OF THREE CARD MONTE WAS A LURE.

DRAWING IN THE MARK SO HE'D DRAW OUT THE PIECE.

GIVING MATT THE OPENING HE NEEDED.



ALL THE NOISE ON THIS STREET NO ONE WILL EVEN HEAR WHEN I BREAK IT... EXCEPT MAYBE YOU!

LOSE IT-- NOW!

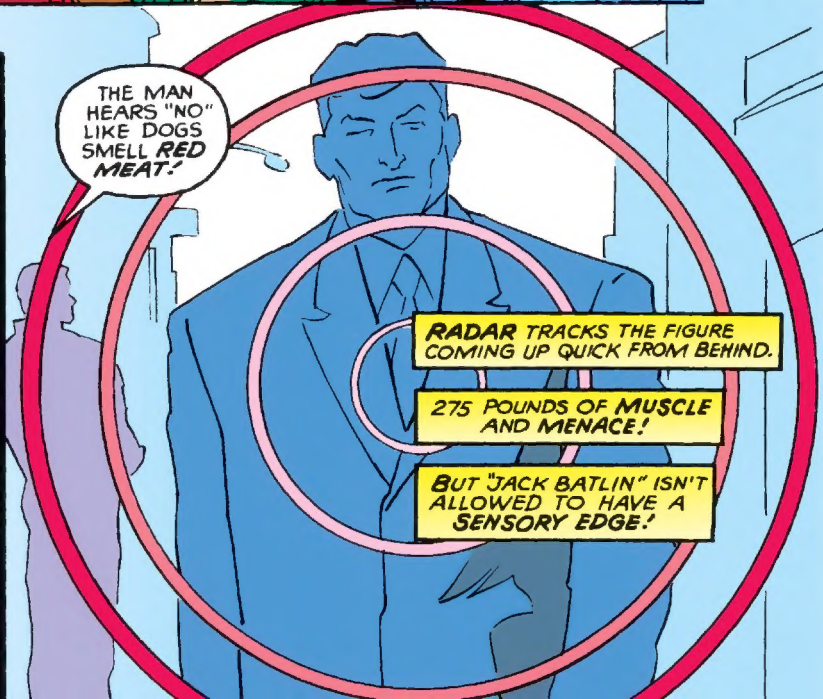


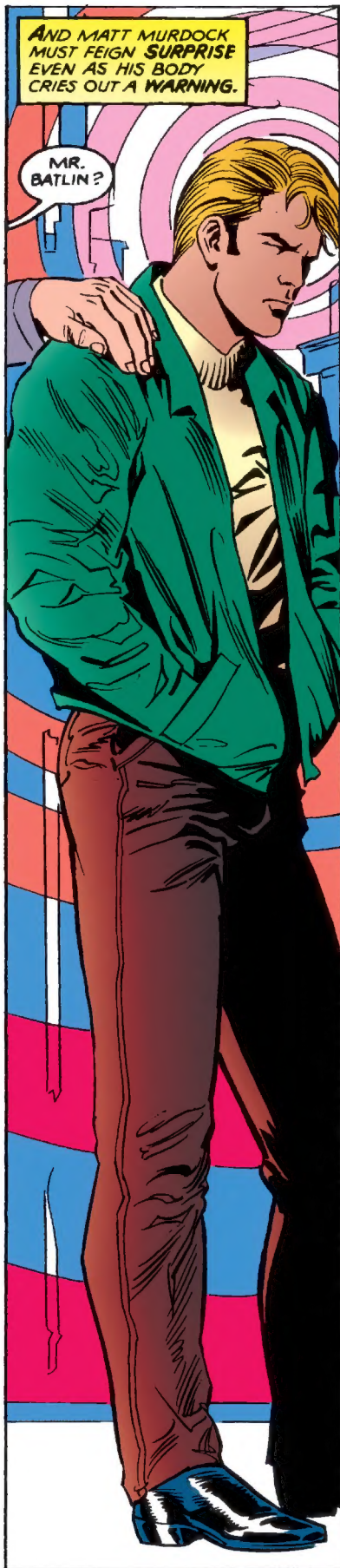
CRAZY CITY-- MAN'S NOT EVEN SAFE WITH A GUN!

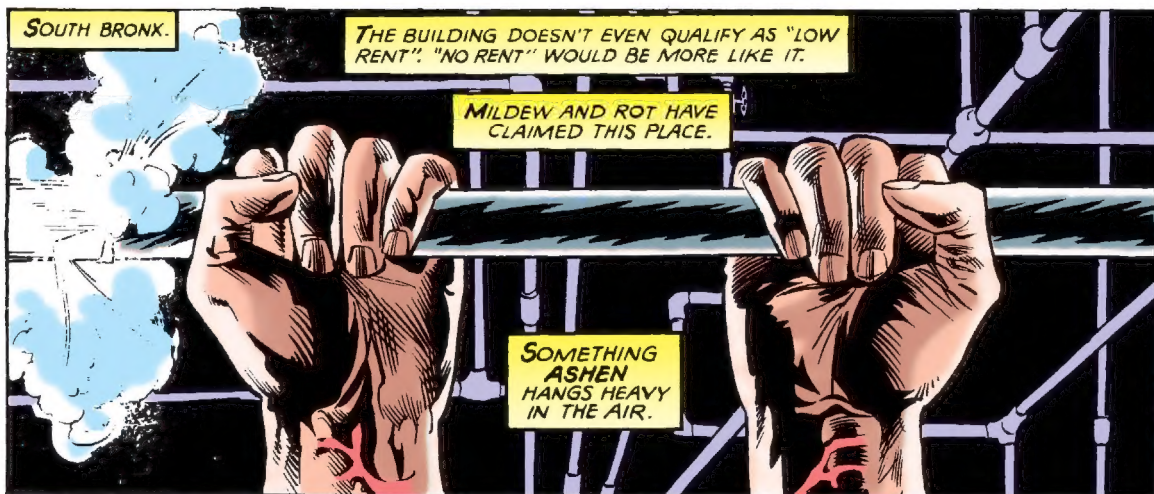
KLAP
KLAP
KLAP

GREAT ACT, BATLIN! BRAVO!

I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SUCH A THEATER LOVER, STITHY!







SOUTH BRONX.

THE BUILDING DOESN'T EVEN QUALIFY AS "LOW RENT". "NO RENT" WOULD BE MORE LIKE IT.

MILDEW AND ROT HAVE CLAIMED THIS PLACE.

**SOMETHING
ASHEN
HANGS HEAVY
IN THE AIR.**

**KRUEL PROVIDES
THAT EXTRA
SPECIAL TOUCH
OF MALICE.**



**ASBURY, THE OLD COOK
IN THE ALLEY, WAS THE
FIRST... BUT HE WON'T
BE THE LAST.**

**VIOLENCE IS ALL
KRUEL HAS LEFT
FROM THE MAN HE
WAS.**

**AND VIOLENCE
HELPS HIM
REMEMBER.**

**IT TRIGGERS
SOMETHING
DEEP INSIDE
AND SENDS
HIM BACK.**

**THAT FURIOUS
NIGHT AT
THE DINER.**



**BETRAY
ME, WOULD
YOU, KRUEL?!
HERE'S WHAT
YOU WERE
AFTER--
--ENJOY!**



**LEFT TO
BURN.**

**LEFT FOR
DEAD.**

A comic book panel featuring a collage of images. At the top, there are three smaller panels: the left one shows a woman with long blonde hair and a man with glasses; the middle one is a close-up of a green eye; the right one shows a woman and a man looking concerned. Below these is a large, central image of a muscular man with red hair, Krueger, who is shirtless and has a menacing expression. He is surrounded by other figures, including a woman with blonde hair and a man with glasses. The background is dark and chaotic, with debris and a sense of destruction.

THERE WERE OTHERS BACK THEN.

IT'S TAKEN HIM YEARS
TO PIECE TOGETHER
THEIR NAMES.

PAGE... URICH...

...MALPER... NELSON.

EVERY TIME THEY
SCREAM, HE'LL
KNOW A BIT MORE
ABOUT HIMSELF.

HE'LL BE THAT
MUCH CLOSER
TO THE MAN
WHO DID
THIS TO HIM.

KRUEL WILL BE THAT
MUCH CLOSER TO
HAVING HIS REVENGE.

DEATH HAS
MANY HOMES.

AND HE'S ALWAYS
IN THE MARKET
FOR ONE MORE.

THE MYSTERY OF KRUEL CONTINUES!
THE KINGPIN PLOTS FOR POWER!
AND DAREDEVIL'S CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE!
"BETRAYAL" IN 30 DAYS!